

MARVEL
21st May 88

THE REAL

Nº5 38p

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GH~~OST~~BUSTERS™





Welcome to the hectic world of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**, where, in this latest, racy issue, we find our heroes... having a rest! That's right – come with Winston as he takes a day off, and join both him and Ray on a holiday cruise off Bermuda where, as the title of our text story says, they find **Something Fishy!** All this relaxing free time gives our heroes a moment to do some essential things like shopping. But shopping can be more dangerous than they thought, as they discover in this issue's blockbuster **Little Shoppe of Terrors!**

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS: The world's greatest supernatural sleuths – four men sworn to keeping the place ghost-free, one woman committed to keeping their business running, and one ghost dedicated to sliming the carpet!

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THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™



PETER VENKMAN



EGON SPENGLER



RAY STANTZ



WINSTON ZEDDMORE



JANINE MELNITZ

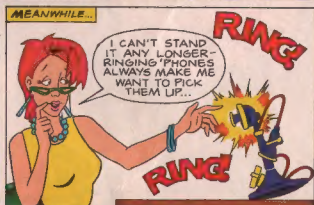
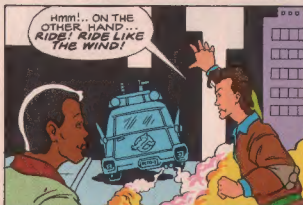
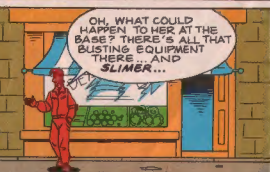
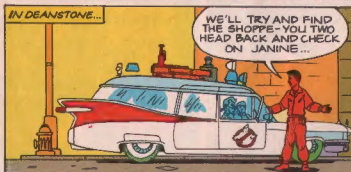
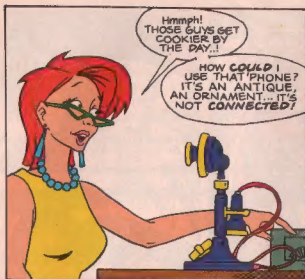


SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™







BACK AT
DEANSTONE...

LET'S TRY
DOWN HERE,
WHERE ALL THE
RECONSTRUCTION
WORK IS GOING
ON...

I DON'T
THINK WE'LL
FIND ANYTHING,
I PASSED THIS WAY
NOT TWO WEEKS AGO
AND THERE WAS
NOTHING...



...NOTHING
LIKE
THAT!

THAT'S THE
PLACE. LET'S TAKE
A LOOK... BUT
REMEMBER, WE
BUY NOTHING...
NOT EVEN THEIR
STORY..!



BACK IN
ECTO-1...

... DO YOU READ
ME, JANINE? OPEN
THE STATION DOORS
- WE'RE COMING IN!
... JANINE..?

Hmm... NO
RESPONSE STILL,
BUT WE'RE ALMOST
THERE...



WOW - IS IT
REALLY POSSIBLE
THAT SOMEONE'S
SELLING ORDINARY
OBJECTS WHICH
TRANSMIT
GHOSTS..?



I'LL ANSWER
THAT WHEN WE
GET INSIDE AND
SEE IF JANINE'S
PHONE HAS LET
SOME SPOOK
OFF THE HOOK!

KERRASH



GHOSTBUSTERS..!

THEY'VE GOT
JANINE!



AND
SLIMER
TOO!

GHOSTBUSTERS! WE
HAVE YOUR FRIENDS!
YOU HAVE OURS..!



LET'S
MAKE A
DEAL..!

PART TWO
on page 9

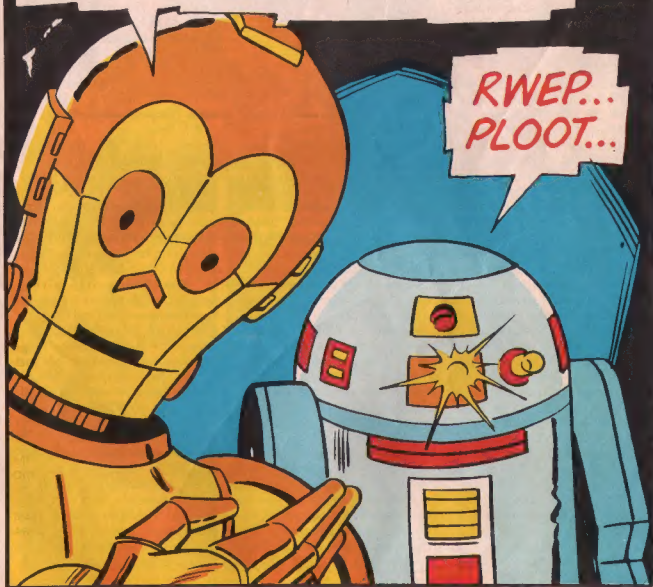
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Greetings readers! Allow us to introduce ourselves. I am C3PO, and this strange bucket of bolts is my companion, R2D2.

You may already be familiar with our spectacular TV adventures, but even if you're not, I feel certain that you're going to enjoy reading our great TV Special!

*RWEP...
PLOOT...*



SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE

Now then, only the other day, I overheard Winston asking Ray where he'd put the keys to ECTO-1, and Ray said he didn't know really, and that this only goes to show how easy it is to lose things. This may be true of something like keys: they can slip down the back of the sofa-cushions, or get pushed to the back of a shelf. But it's amazing what the human race can lose when they really try. Take, for example...



LOST CITIES

If we are to believe the legends attached to the more supernatural parts of the world, an awful lot of cities have been disappearing for some time now, and they certainly haven't been slipping down the back of sofa-cushions or getting pushed to the back of shelves. No matter how big the shelf. You don't just put down a city for five minutes and then turn back to find it's gone.

However, somehow, man seems to manage it, and these cities become the focus of powerful spectral associations: Atlantis, Xanadu, Ur, Shangri-la, Machu-Pichu, Troy, Nineveh, El Dorado... all these names conjure up images of mighty ancient races who were skilled in the arts and sciences to a wondrous degree, whilst most of the world's population were still grubbing about painting cave-walls.

The legends attached to these cities often describe the disappearance, or 'losing' of the city. This is of course the case with Atlantis, a city on an

PART 5

island which one day was simply swallowed up by the oceans. Winston said recently that he knows why this happened but I'm not sure I believe him. Machu-Pichu was lost for years in the steaming jungles and rain forests of South America, until it was discovered by explorers. You see, cities that have been lost are occasionally found again, and this can be really exciting.

Sometimes, man gets a tantalising glimpse of those lost places. The poet Coleridge had a vision of the fabulous Xanadu and wrote a poem about it, describing the wonderful 'pleasure dome' built there by the great ruler Kubla Khan. So the question is, of course, how do these cities become 'lost'? Well, apart from simple carelessness, there are many possible reasons. Some talk about the spiritually transmuting powers of such places as the Bermuda Triangle, an area

of sea off Bermuda into which many ships and planes have disappeared over the years. Others say that it is the work of flying saucers and UFOs (Unidentified Flying Objects).

Myself, I believe that the great 'lost', 'disappearing' or 'accidentally mislaid' cities of our world have gone missing due to the work of supernatural or demonic powers. Perhaps they have been sucked down into the neo-ectoplasmic vortex which divides this dimension from the spirit world. Which, I suppose, is very much like slipping down behind the sofa-cushions.

Of final note, I must of course mention the most famous lost city of all, the infamous and legendary Smodberg, Kentucky. Smodberg was first reported missing ten years ago by one Reginald Knee, a travelling salesman who was returning to his home in Smodberg but couldn't find it.

The last recorded contact was a postcard sent by Smodberg Housewife Doris Nozzle to her sister Hazel in Wisconsin, posted on the very day of disappearance. The postcard read as follows: 'Whole neighbourhood seems to have changed. Got a new neighbour called Mr Khan, who invited me round to see his pleasure dome. Told him I thought it was a bit extravagant to have one in your back yard, but he said not at all, as Eternal Life can get very boring. Weather cloudy but warm. Just wish I didn't feel like I'd slipped down the back of some sofa-cushions.'

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

LITTLE SHOPPE of TERRORS

PART TWO



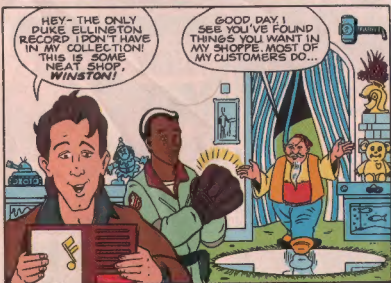
Story IAN RIMMER Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and DAVE HARWOOD Lettering HEL Colouring STUART PLACE

MEANWHILE, INSIDE
THE LITTLE SHOPPE...



HEY- THE ONLY
DUKE ELLINGTON
RECORD I DON'T HAVE
IN MY COLLECTION!
THIS IS SOME
NEAT SHOP,
WINSTON!

GOOD DAY! I
SEE YOU'VE FOUND
THINGS YOU WANT IN
MY SHOPPE. MOST OF
MY CUSTOMERS DO...



IF YOU'D LIKE, I'LL
HEY! THOSE BADGES!
YOU'RE NOT ORDINARY
CUSTOMERS...

WELL, ER,
NO, WE DIDN'T
REALLY COME TO
BUY...



WAIT A
MINUTE -WHAT'S
HAPPENING...

THE
OBJECTS...
CHANGING...



YEEK!

WHAT'S
GOING
ON?



MAN, WE'VE BEEN
DUPED! THIS WHOLE
SET-UP'S SOME KIND
OF MIND-BENDING
ILLUSION!



THEY RACED BACK TO
GHOSTBUSTERS HQ..

GRAB SOME
PROTON PACKS, GUYS!
GHOULS FROM JANINE'S
PHONE HAVE SEALED
THEMSELVES
INSIDE!

WE'VE GOT TO
GET IN - THEY MIGHT
OPEN THE CONTAINMENT
UNIT AND LET THE
OTHER SPOOKS
ESCAPE...

OKAY-YOU
THREE KEEP THEM
BUSY AT THE DOORS
...I'LL TRY TO GET
BACK INTO THE
BUILDING..

SO FAR
SO GOOD - ONLY
A SHORT JUMP OVER
TO THE FIRE STATION
ROOF NEXT DOOR

...WHERE
I CAN USE THE
SKYLIGHT AND
I'M IN!

SPENGLER'S
NEW ECTO-SPLAT
WEAPON IS ALL PRIMED
AND READY AFTER
HIS LAB TESTS
YESTERDAY.

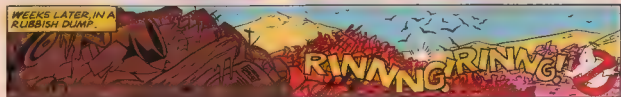
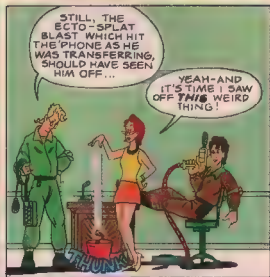
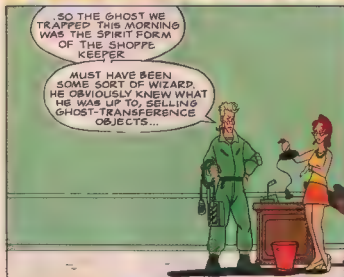
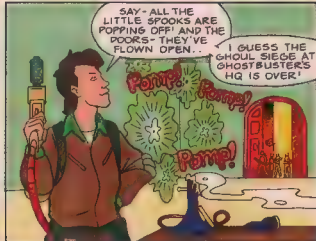
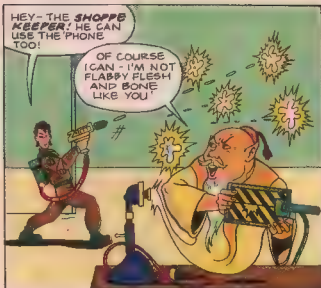
ALL I NEED
NOW ARE THE
TARGETS - SO
HERE GOES!

EAT ECTO-
SPLAT, 'PHONE
PHANTOMS!

ZZAX!

ZZAX!

ZZAX!



GHOST WRITING!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 23 Redan Place, London, W2 4SA



Dear Peter. . .

Hi there! Well the mail continues to pour in. Thanks for all your letters. Here are some more answers for those Ghostbusting questions that have you tearing your hair out.

I would like to know why there wasn't anything about Ray in the first issue? I like Egon because he knows everything about ghosts and he is not a chicken!

Anthony Mannion,
Manchester.

You'll have to follow future editions for information on Ray. I just checked, you're right, Egon's not a chicken, – there's no sign of feathers or eggs although his hair style is a bit suspicious!

Why is Ray Stantz the smallest and the fattest in the team?
Thomas Barnes, Preston.

That's easy, because if he was the tallest, the slimmest and the most bespectacled, he'd be Egon!

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS is great! I also get **TRANSFORMERS**, but that is a pool of ecto-slime compared to **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS**. There are still some ways you can improve it. –

1. Make Slimer a Real Ghostbuster.
 2. Write more about the next issue.
 3. Don't keep ice cream in your pocket, however cool you are.
- Ben Blackwell, Sheffield.**

Thanks for your tips, Ben. I'm not sure about Slimer becoming a Ghostbuster, after all, he's a ghost! We do write more about the next issue – in the next issue, and as for the ice cream in my pockets, I'm cool enough, but I have actually given it up since Slimer mistook me for the fridge!

I think you are the best Ghostbuster. How many ghosts have you caught and where did you get your Proton Packs from?

Stephen Knowles,
Farnborough.

The amount of ghosts we have caught grows everyday, so I can't really give you an exact number. Our Proton Packs were another of Egon's great inventions, and they were actually built by Ray.

In my opinion, **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic is no way up to the Marvel standard. The art is basic, the colouring poor and the storylines babyish, and all the people I know agree. Anyway, I have some questions for you –

1. Will you be able to get Janine and the fire station as toys?
 2. Who was Slimer originally before he died?
 3. How can Slimer hold food if he is a ghost?
 4. How about a female Ghostbuster?
- Leo Ridgeway, Hampshire.**

Well, ahem, sorry you didn't like the first issue – maybe I ought to change my deodorant or something. Still, I'm not one to hold grudges, so here are the answers to your questions.

1. The fire station is in the toyshops, but Janine is not available for those sort of dates!
2. Whoever, or should I say whatever, Slimer was before he became a ghost is a bit of a mystery. One thing I can be sure of though, if he ate the same amount then as he does now, he sure was fat!
3. I asked Egon about Slimer, and he says that, although Slimer is a phantom of an ectoplasmic nature, he can, and does, assume corporeal form when it suits him! Finally, who says there aren't any female Ghostbusters – keep reading!

SLIMER

Long before Slimer left his first trail of ectoplasmic slime in kitchens and dining rooms around the world, he was an ordinary human being just like you and me. Well, not quite ordinary, he had a quite insatiable appetite and would greedily gobble away at any item of food that came his way, day or night. When he died, his soul refused to leave the mortal plane and so he has roamed the Earth in ectoplasmic form, happily eating anything he can get his stubby little hands on. He has completely forgotten his real name and so the Ghostbusters nicknamed him Slimer – due to his habit of, well, *sliming* people. He is undoubtedly a supernatural creature, but has sided with the good guys. He just wants to be loved and appreciated by people in general and Peter Venkman in particular. In the body Ghostbuster, Slimer would be the stomach.



WINSTON'S DIARY

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF WINSTON ZEDDMORE



Story JOHN CARNELL and DAN ABNETT © Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and TIM PERKINS



Friday 13th May 1988

Unlucky as a Friday the 13th might be, from where Ray and I reclined, this one sure didn't seem like a disaster. Above us, the sun blazed out of a cloudless sky, all around stretched the calm, blue waters of the seas off Bermuda, and Ray and I sprawled out on sunloungers on the deck of a luxury ocean liner, sipping our iced cocktails, without a care in the world.

I guess it was crazy to suppose this carefree situation would continue. Was it really likely, even here in this paradise of sea and sun, that the two of us could survive a whole Friday the 13th without *something* happening?

The Disaster began quietly, as we were halfway down our second Super-Bermudan-Mango-and-Citrus-Iced-Shake of the morning. It started like this: I said "Can you pass the sun tan lotion, Ray?" and Ray said "I'm sorry, Winston, I couldn't bring any."

Not much of a crisis, I suppose. But that was just the beginning.

"Hey," continued Ray, "I'm sorry to spoil this free cruise and everything, but I didn't have room for it in my bag."

I looked at Ray's bulging bag as it slopped mysteriously from side-to-side.

"So what did you bring, Man?" I asked.

Ray slowly unzipped the bag and proudly produced a goldfish bowl, in which swam what must have been the ugliest little fish in the whole world.

"I'm babysitting it for my great grandma," Ray said. "It's very valuable, the last of its kind anywhere, and I promised I wouldn't let it out of my sight."

"That's great, Ray," I said, "We win a two week cruise around Bermuda and all you pack is the ugliest little fish in the whole world!"

Well, we argued about this for a while, and we'd probably have argued until lunch but for the fact that we both fell off our sunloungers as our ship, the SS TRIANGLE, collided with something solid and stopped dead. "Hey, Winston," said Ray, pulling himself out of the folded legs of his collapsed sunlounger.

"BLUBBLE BUBBLE PO!" I answered, pulling my head out of the goldfish bowl.

"We've hit something, and there's lots of heavy mist descending. Winston. . . I don't like this one bit," muttered Ray, nervously.

Ray was certainly right: the mist ahead was full of strange lights, the sea around us had turned to land. This sort of thing doesn't usually happen, I thought. I must have said it too, because Ray told me to stop sounding like Egon and help him find the Captain.

The Captain was studying the charts and looking puzzled.

"I'm puzzled," he said. "We appear to be marooned on a non-existent island." Ray smiled confidently, "Don't worry, Captain Iceberger, Let me have a look at the charts. . . Aha! Does the *Bermuda Triangle* ring a bell?"

Down on the mist-shrouded island, we wandered through bizarre, ancient ruins, feeling terribly alone – just Me, Ray and the ugliest little fish in the whole world.

The SS TRIANGLE and its passengers and crew had vanished in the fog behind us. Ray shivered.

"Where are we?" I asked cautiously.

"I dunno. . ." Ray shrugged, "But there's some kind of sign here. . ." he rubbed away the salt and seaweed that caked the old sign and read out: "'ATLANTIS WELCOMES CAREFUL DIVERS.'"

Just as we were both about to start leaping about yelling "Wow! Atlantis!" we found ourselves surrounded by a wailing, screaming, fishy-smelling cloud of pale human phantoms. They swarmed about us, moaning in anguish, staring with dark sad eyes and tugging at our sleeves as if they wanted us to go with them.

"I think they want us to go with them, Ray," I pointed out. So we went. After much walking on our part, and much floating on the part of the spooks, we arrived at a vast pyramid that was built at the very heart of the ruined city.

Down the steps of the Pyramid came the ghost of an old man who looked terribly wise and immensely knowledgeable. He spoke:

"I am FINDUS the Terribly Wise and Immensely Knowledgeable. I am the leader of Atlantis, and I have brought you here to save us."

He stepped forward and began his story, a sad look on his face. "The Kingdom of Atlantis is now dead and gone, but it was once a great and powerful nation. Our achievements gave us wealth and fame, but also, alas, made us greedy and big-headed. Our god and protector, Poseidon, became angry at our arrogance and threatened to punish us. Then, one fateful day, one particularly stupid Atlantean stole Poseidon's most treasured possession and sold it to a foreign land. Our god flew into a terrible rage, and by the stamping of his feet, he caused an earthquake that caused our city to sink beneath the ocean.

"Then he cursed us to become living dead until his possession was returned to him. You must help us. . . we've suffered enough in this torment!"

Just then there was a rumble and the ground shuddered. Wailing, the sad ghosts swirled away from us. Findus was the last to leave. "that pyramid is the Temple of Poseidon," he cried, "Save us!"

So, very carefully, we approached the temple as the Earthquakes began around us. "I don't know," said Ray as we pushed open the door, "There's definitely something fishy going on here."

"What do you want?" boomed a huge voice.

We stopped in our tracks at the sight of the god Poseidon stamping his stubborn little feet.

"How dare you intrude while I'm stamping my feet in anger?!" screamed the miniature god.

"Oh where is he? Where is he? He was so cute!" the god ranted on, "His little fins, his little tail. . ."

By now, I reckon I could see what sort of size and shape the Disaster was going to be, and how much pain would be involved, and I suggested that we made our exit.

As we were on our way out, a particularly loud rant and heavy stamp sent a monumental ripple across the ground and we went sprawling.

"Oh no. . . my fish!" shouted Ray as the fish bowl flew from his bag and tumbled across the room.

Suddenly, Poseidon stopped ranting. He fixed his eyes on the bowl. He began to smile.

"BUBBLES!" cried Poseidon, "BUBBLES, YOU'VE COME HOME!"

"But that's my grandpa's. . . OWPSS," said Ray as I gagged him with one hand and dragged him out of the rumbling, collapsing temple. "He obviously thinks it's his long-lost treasure and so the curse is lifting," I explained. "We have to get out of here or we'll go to the bottom of the sea with Atlantis."

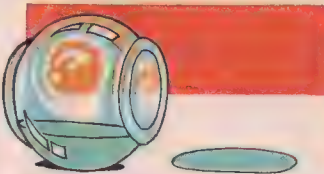
Outside, the Disaster was measuring up to be a huge one on the Disaster scale. The island crumbled and the tortured souls were set free to sink into the oblivion they longed for.

"The mist is going away!" shouted Ray.

"So is the ground," I replied as we fell into the sea.

Captain Iceberger and the crew of the SS TRIANGLE hauled us on board after we'd floundered around a bit. They were all very grateful and everybody got ready for a celebration: a huge meal and a party, and I can tell you that after a Disaster like that a Ghostbuster certainly works up a Real Appetite.

Which is when the second and much more unpleasant Disaster occurred. Friday's menu for dinner was the usual: Fish! Ray asked for an omelette instead.



SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**
Marvel Comics Ltd
23 Redan Place
London
W2 4SA



Why couldn't the skeleton go to the ball?
Because he had no body to go with!
— Andy Lanning, Islington.

What juice does Slimer like?
Lemon and Slime!

What jewels do ghosts wear?
Tomb stones!
— Craig Bryant, Southampton.

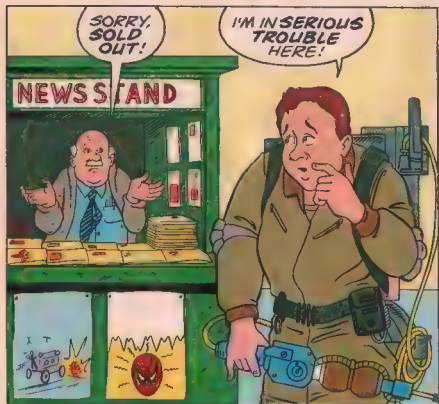
When do ghosts haunt skyscrapers?
When they are in high spirits!
— Mike Phipps, Devon.

What is a vampire's favourite fruit?
Neck-tarines!
— John Carnell, Ramsgate.

What do monsters put on their roast beef?
Grave-y!
— Derek Balment, Stratford.

Which is a ghost's favourite stretch of water?
Lake Eerie!
— John Freeman, Turnpike Lane.

What do you find in a haunted cellar?
Whines and Spirits!
— Adam Brewer, Yorkshire.



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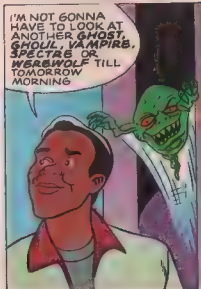
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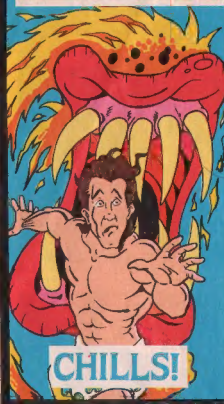
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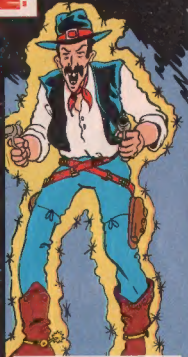




NEXT ISSUE:



CHILLS!



THRILLS!



ROMANCE!



WHERE IS THAT NUMBER 26?



EXCUSE ME, BUT THE NUMBER 26 DOESN'T STOP HERE!



HEE HEE! THERE GOES NUMBER 26!



EEEEK!!



'ERE, YOU! WOT COMES AFTER SIX HUNDRED AND FIFTY FIVE?

WAIT FOR ME...

LAST ISSUE

MC85

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